

"What Fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



AN UNFORESEEN EMERGENCY.

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.—Tell me, most wise counselor, what advice does Confucius give concerning such a situation as this?
LI HUNG CHANG.—I fear, Your Majesty, that Confucius is a back number. He never dreamed of such an exhibition of gall as this.



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PUCK'S Bone-Saving Device for the Use of Pedestrians who are compelled to use Slippery Sidewalks.

UNQUESTIONABLY.

FIRST CITIZEN.—The prevailing opinion in Tammany Hall —
SECOND CITIZEN.—Is Mr. Croker's.

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

FIRST CONGRESSMAN.—Will your bill pass the House?
SECOND CONGRESSMAN.—No. It won't even pass Speaker Reed.

A DESTROYER OF IMAGES.

"He gives a discouraging account of the Yukon region."
"Yes. He seems to be a Yukonoclast."



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AN APPROVED METHOD.

"W-W-What!—You say some one seen a bear a-prowlin' around here?"
"You would n't be afraid to meet a bear, would you?"
"Well, this kind o' shot 'd never kill no bear."
"Why, all you got to do is to wound him first, and then club him to death with the butt end of your gun,—the way they do it in 'Catamount Cal, the Boy Trapper of the Rockies.'"

SECURITY.

The tariff baron's chief retainer entered and bowed reverentially.
"The monetary commission," the menial announced, "wishes your lordship to tell them what you would do with the government's unsecured currency."
"First," replied the baron, promptly, "I would secure it; and, after that, it would be nobody's business what I did with it."

A RUMOR.

HUDSON.—They say that, on account of the recent troubles, the navy of Hayti is to be increased.
JUDSON.—Indeed?
HUDSON.—Yes. The President has asked an appropriation for three first-class rowboats and a naphtha launch.

THE SITUATION.

"What has China done to the European Powers?"
"She has n't done anything, and they won't do a thing to China."

IN THE BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE.

"Here is a communication from the King of Borioboola Gha."
"Is he anxious to fight?"
"Well, he offers to postpone the settlement of his controversy with us until Great Britain shall be relieved from other pending complications."



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THE POET'S QUANDARY.

The poet 's bound to write "I trow,"
Hence those deep wrinkles on his brow;
To save his soul he does n't know
Whether it rhymes with "woe" or "wow!"

THE CAUSE OF HER ABSENCE.

ETHEL.—Why did n't you attend Professor Dumps's lecture, on the "Cycles of Time?" It was very interesting.
MAUDE.—The subject of the lecture was embarrassing to me. You know, dear, I bought my wheel on the instalment plan.



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A RAY OF HOPE.

MAMA. — Just look at the front of your new coat! I don't think it is the slightest use to try to keep you clean!

JOHNNY (*eagerly*). — Ain't you going to try any more?

THE SONG OF TACT.

(*"Il ne faut pas parler du corde dans la maison d'un pendu."*)



YOU 'LL AGREE, I am sure, that 't is only too true
And a sad and deplorable fact,
That the things we 'd give most to unsay and undo
Were caused by a lacking of tact.

Now the French have a proverb as clear as a bell
On this subject — (you 've heard it, I hope) —
"In the house of a man who was hanged," — (Mark it well!) —
"One never should mention a rope."

If you call on a maid who is growing passée,
Do not dwell on "youth's 'vantage to cope
With all ills" — "girlhood's flush, far too dainty to stay" —
Beware! You are mentioning rope!

If you meet an acquaintance whose stocks have gone down,
Do not talk of — "big profits in soap," —
Or "Smith's shrewd deal in wheat" — or, "the great
luck of Brown!" —
You are certainly mentioning rope!

If you tell the plain heiress of "men who 're for sale," —
Or the sick of "a case beyond hope," —
Or talk "crime" to a man with a brother in jail,
Have a care! You are mentioning rope!

So the rule will hold good in all cases, you 'll find
If you 're talking with peasant or Pope, —
"In the house of a man who was hanged," — (Bear in mind!)
"One never should mention a rope!"

Beatrice Hanscom.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

"I suspect there has been some crooked work going on here," he said.
And he was right. His wife had been driving nails.



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ACCOUNTED FOR.

ALGERNON. — I 've such a deuced cold in me head, you know.
WILLIAM. — You must still have that Boston girl on youah mind, old chap.



BY WILLISTON FISH.

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VIII.—ALT FÖRDÄRVT.

WHAT A FICKLE, restless jade is this Earth, eating its stupid heart out with a mad wish for Change! It no sooner shapes itself into continents, than it begins to wear them away; no sooner lifts a mountain peak above the clouds, than, like a false patron, it commences humbling it to the ground. It no sooner weaves from the waters a veil to sigh under than with a glad breath it blows it away. It dresses itself now in simple green, then dips its robes in gorgeous color, and, presently, abjuring delights, it changes all to Winter's ragged brown.

Where now stands Fort Snelling, in Minnesota, there was once a sea.

It was the Earth's whim to fill this sea with sand, and then to turn the sand to stone. Again it was the Earth's whim that two great rivers, turned from their former courses (no one knows where) should come down through the level plain of stone, and wear their channels (begun no one knows how) until the two confluent rivers seem like wide, winding streets between high walls.

The walls are now scarred and broken, and their footings stand in the debris of crumbling Time, but the tale of the Earth's whims may still be read

in them; and at the summit of the walls, atop of the Great Stone Bastion made by the joining valleys, stand, like foolish toys, the buildings of Fort Snelling. Is it not cheering to think that amid the vagaries of the world the "ever-fixed mark" is the heart of love?

In the dead of a bitter Winter's night, Lieutenant McVay, in his bachelor quarters at Fort Snelling, slept, and dreamed of Ruth Lancaster. Sleep had put back Time's clock, and again McVay and Ruth were walking over the green parade at West Point. Again—in this dear dream—the shadows of the trees were lengthening over the turf, and again the sun was descending like a burning ingot of steel soon to have a gush of sparks struck from it by the high crests of the western granite hills.

Spring, say the poets, sets the streams singing with the voices that Winter has stolen away, and this dream set McVay into a happiness as fresh and new as that of which he had been despoiled. He leaned his head down towards Ruth's—he spoke to her gently—in an access of bliss the true-lover kissed his true-love.

His happiness was rudely banished. Was it an overwhelming disaster or but the frightful tidings of disaster? McVay drew Ruth to him in protection, and listened, fearing for her, to a wild, confused and horrible tumult, so rude and clamorous as to be a kind of overmastering violence. He woke. The continuing tumult resolved itself into the unwelcome noise of an alarm-clock.

The room was dark and cold. The insane clock still wildly beat its breast. When it ceased, McVay lay still, with weak and empty heart. The vision of Summer had passed, and Ruth, whose tender, maiden face he had but now kissed—the lonely fellow knew that Ruth had been married for three years to Lieutenant Ainé. He had feigned to himself that he no longer thought of her, but now he knew that he thought of her. Why had she not remembered him?

McVay had himself set the dervish clock to perform its awful rite, because, being officer-of-the-day, he was obliged to "inspect the guard

between midnight and reveille." It is known in civil life that inspections at stated times are useless, but this is not yet known in the army. That the army is farther behind the time than the age of Chaucer I would hesitate to say; yet Chaucer observes:

Ful wel it fares a man to bere him even;
For often meten men at unset steven,

and the reader will note that Chaucer says this with the air of having already known it for some time.

Rebelling like a true and unaffected soldier at his duty, McVay dressed for the cold round of the guard, completing his costume with furs, and making his slender form almost burly in a long fur coat with high collar. When he went out he set his chin deep into this collar, partly against the silent, bitter cold, partly to be more alone with his loneliness.

The season was now in the depth of Winter, and the road that McVay pursued across the desolate post had high walls of snow. As he walked on, with the cold snow crystals crying under his feet, he heard bells, and raising his eyes, he saw coming towards him along the road a moving obscurity, from which, little by little, there became resolved a pair of horses, and behind them, appearing indistinctly and by dark glimpses, a low sled and a driver. McVay supposed that the sled was a hay-sled, and the driver a Swede; and he supposed this, not because he was gifted with intuition, as many are, but because during the Winter there had been an almost unbroken procession of such sleds manned by such drivers passing through the post to or from St. Paul.

The sight of the sled awoke McVay to a feeling of combativeness, and he raised his chin from the collar. The Swede drivers of Minnesota were wont to drive undeviatingly in the exact middle of the narrow Winter roads, ignoring all foot-passengers; and once, when new to the country, McVay had thoughtlessly yielded the right of way to these drivers; but when he observed that they committed their trespass with an irritating air of despotism, and, in sooth, as if they were acting as pro-consuls among a conquered and quaking people, he determined to enter into possession of a full one-half of every road he should travel in Minnesota.

Now, therefore, he raised his chin from his collar, and, the sled having come near without changing its course, he called, "Here, you, turn out!" But the horses came straight on in the middle of the road; whereupon McVay seized their bits, and guided them out of it. The team hesitated to enter the snow, but once in, they plunged gallantly forward. As the outer runner of the sled scaled the wall of snow, the sled creaked, and there was also the sound of speech from the driver, whether in anger or merriment it was impossible at the moment to be certain, though McVay surmised it was in anger. And there immediately occurred what was likely to make anger more violent: for the sled, which had begun by creaking, suddenly parted in the middle, and the hay-rack remaining with the rear bob, the driver, seated upon the rack, was brought to an inglorious stop. The fur-clad figure pulled hard at the horses, stopped them, and then turned to McVay, whose blood was up, and who immediately said: "Well, how do you feel now?"

"Du har bryte sunder chalken." (You have broken the sled.)

A woman's voice. Struck with confusion, McVay looked into the recess of the fur hood. It was not only a woman, but a young woman, and her face, though white and colorless in the cold, was soft and shapely. "I am very sorry," said McVay. "I supposed, of course, it was a man driving."

(Continued on 14th page, this number.)





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HIS APPREHENSION.

DE WITTE.—I feel so sorry for those caddies!

MISS ASKENS.—Why?

DE WITTE.—I'm afraid some of them may grow up to become golf players.

MABEL'S NIGHT FANCIES.



I.
SEE THE half-moon rising
Above the highest tree;
To guide the ship in safety,
It silvers all the sea.

II.
The other half, as pearly,
Behind the sea has sunk
Across the Chinese ripples
To light the solemn junk.

III.
The sky 's a lovely garden
Where all the fruit is ripe,
And bands of merry fairies
On blossom bugles pipe.

IV.
The paths are blue and pleasant
Through rippling lily seas;
The moon 's the opal bee-hive,
The stars the silver bees.

R. K. Munkittrick.

AN EASY WAY OUT.

TEACHER.—But can't you define "Bicycle?" Suppose some one asked you what a bicycle is, what would you say?

PUPIL.—I'd say "Don't you know what a bicycle is?"

BRIEFLY, A REFORMER is a person who gets rattled the moment the Lord moves in more than just so mysterious a way His wonders to perform.



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NEEDED.

NIMBLE FINGERED NICK (*impeded in his efforts to swipe a bicycle*).—Confound it all! Why don't dese guys be up to date? Why don't dey use dese chainless bikes I reads about?

VERIFICATION.

PHIL FURNAS.—Rhodeburn is a curious fellow.

LON MOORE.—What has he been doing now?

PHIL FURNAS.—He rode from the station at Solitude over the railroad track to Jersey City with his cyclometer on his wheel, to see if the company was charging him the right amount of mileage.

SHORT-SIGHTED.

HE.—It is strange how frequently inventors fail to realize the importance of their own work.

SHE.—What is the particular instance?

HE.—Why, here is a statement that the inventor of the hair-pin intended it to be used simply in dressing the hair!

A GOOD NAME is rather to be chosen than real literary merit by some publishers.

TOO MANY men are inclined to prefer half a loaf to a steady job.



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IN LUCK.

LANGUID LEARY (*mystified at tramp signs on fence-post*).—W'at do you make dis here sign out to be, Pete? I never seed it afore!

PERAMBULATING PETE (*jubilantly*).—Hush! You won't come acrost dis here sign twicet in er lifetime, Leary! It means dat de loidy of de house keeps her refrigerator out on de back porch!

A RELIABLE SIGN.

MRS. SCHERMERHORN (*of Brooklyn, at their home, surrounded by rubber plants, concernedly*).—Do you think the Newcombs from New York, have become thoroughly Brooklynized as yet, Marmaduke?

MR. SCHERMERHORN (*earnestly*).—Yes; I saw Mr. Newcomb carrying home a rubber plant from the big department store bargain sale of rubber plants, to-day.

AN INQUIRY IN GREATER NEW YORK.

FIRST CITIZEN.—What do you think of the idea of having saloons open part of the day on Sunday?

SECOND CITIZEN.—What is the trouble? Are they closed?



REAL ESTATE ACCEPTABLE.

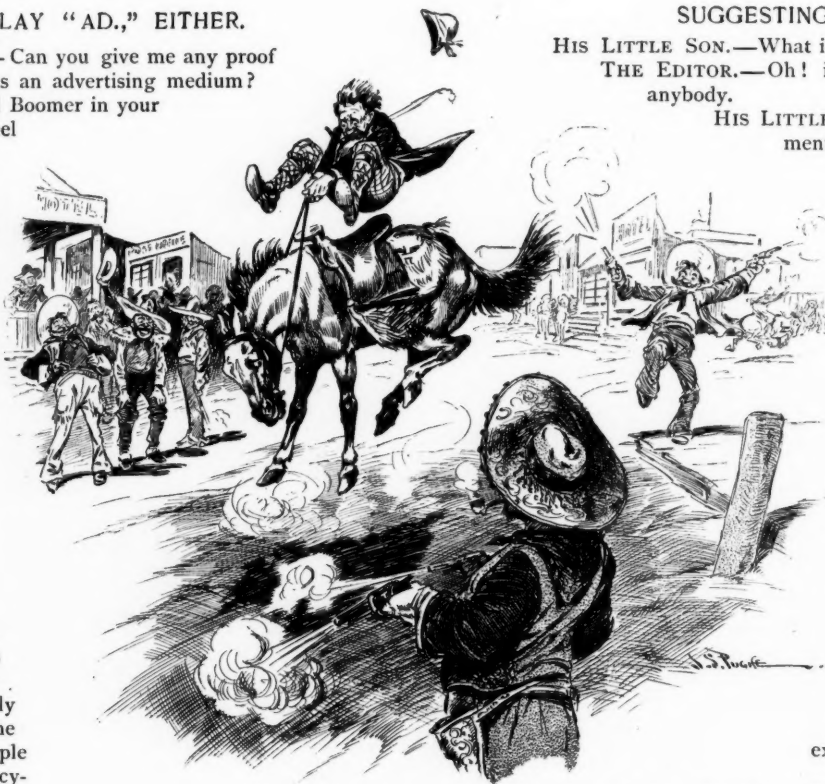
SHE.—Papa says I shall not have a cent of his money if I marry you.

THE COUNT.—So? But do you suppose he would on us bestow two, three, four, what you call dem—sky-scrapers?

AND IT WAS N'T A DISPLAY "AD." EITHER.

AGENT MEDICINE COMPANY. — Can you give me any proof of the value of your paper as an advertising medium? If I advertise Biggs's Blood Boomer in your paper I should like to feel sure that my company will enjoy results.

MANAGER *Daily Gobang*.—That's business, my dear sir; that's business. And I can just give you one little illustration that will remove whatever doubts you may have. You will notice that the *Daily Gobang* publishes the Government weather report each morning. We've did it for years. Well, last Summer we had been coming out each day with the prediction, "Fair weather; southerly winds," and we were having the finest spell of weather that ever rolled over these prairies. But, accidentally, one morning the report was left out. Well, sir, you may not believe it, but that paper was hardly off of the press before there was the blamest cloud in the West the people ever saw; and, before noon, two cyclones had struck the town and carried off two of our most aristocratic subdivisions. Yes, sir; printer's ink is a power of mighty influence.



DID N'T CARE WHICH.

TENDERFOOT.—Hi, there, you fellows! Just shoot me or the horse, won't you?

SUGGESTING AN EXAMPLE.

HIS LITTLE SON.—What is a white lie, Papa?

THE EDITOR.—Oh! it is one that does no harm to anybody.

HIS LITTLE SON.—Like a circulation statement, Papa?

A RECOMMENDATION.

CUSTOMER.—Is this the latest thing in sealskins?

SALESMAN (*impressively*).—Yes, Madam. This is a pelagic sealskin.

CUTTING ICE.

"Does he cut any ice in the town?"

"Well, I guess yes! He is a coal dealer."

HIS DISTINCTION.

"Who is that military-looking chap?"

"That sir, is the hero of a rumored war."

HIS EXPERIENCE.

TRIVVET.—Let me tell you my experience with the bicycle.

DICER.—Are you a scorcher?

TRIVVET.—No; I am a scorchee.

BETTING ON the wrong side is a fool's argument.



PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A RUDE AWAKENING.

WHEN GULLIVER awakened he did not at first realize what had been done to him. He only knew that, strong man as he was, he could not move hand or foot. Poor old China is in a like fashion awakening from her long, long sleep to find herself helpless. Through all the years that she was unconscious the Western civilizations have been drawing bonds about her and making them fast; and now when she would struggle she can not move. As yet she understands the calamity as little as Gulliver did. If she were wider awake she would know that she is, in the rôle of matter, showing the power of mind over matter. There are 400,000,000 Chinese, and they have no mind. They have *minds*, and exceedingly bright ones, but they have no mind; as a nation they form a mass of matter that is the easy prey of even a small volume of mind. Because there is no national union, no cohesion, no patriotism, China will meekly submit to being divided, and wonder at the power of the foreign devils to do so monstrous a thing under the very noses of her idols. An instructive contrast to this spirit is to be found in Cuba. There we see mind achieving wonderful results with but a small amount of matter. That small army of Cubans has put out a force that would have sufficed to conquer all China; and their fighting-spirit—their mind—would make China a nation to be feared by the powers that are now treating her so brusquely. But China has got to come out of the old East into the new West before she can have that spirit.

THE SEAL-SKIN GAME.

IF OUR new law relating to pelagic sealing can be enforced, and the promise is that it can and shall be, we may expect a complete change of the British heart

on this subject within a very short time. The British heart does not change readily, and never, it has been alleged, unless in sympathetic response to a change in the British pocket. Our government has been trying for a dozen years to show Great Britain the evils of unrestricted seal slaughter. It failed utterly in this missionary work, for meantime we were buying the products of that slaughter. Naturally it was no simple matter to convince the British mind of the beauties of moderation in seal-killing. By the simple device of closing our ports to all products of pelagic sealing, however, there has probably been accomplished what no stress of diplomacy could bring about. The Canadian seal-fishers and the London furriers, finding their largest and best market closed to them, will presently emit howls of rage and talk of reprisals, after the British way. But presently thereafter they will receive a great light. Whereupon we shall hear them denounce pelagic sealing as ardently as any one ever did. For they will have discovered that the only way to regain their lost market is to bind themselves to abate the simple, straightforward hoggishness that has animated their past policy in this matter. After that there will be a sealing conference that will have something besides talk for its result.

AGNOSTICS AND OTHER REPROBATES. LOYALTY TO CREED is held high by the church. Yet no creed has been strong enough to thwart the law that Mr. Darwin discovered. The human mind grows more humane year by year, quite as if there were no old creeds that would have kept it cruel. The amiable and pious Jonathan Edwards showed conclusively, about a hundred and fifty years ago, just "Why the Saints in Glory should Rejoice at the Sufferings of the Damned." There is no doubt that he tried earnestly and with all reverence to be a bulwark of the divine economy. Nevertheless, there is a notion abroad to-day that the good man did not know what he was talking about. The saints in glory are coming to feel that the sufferings of the damned, or of anybody else, is no fit matter for glee; and not a few of them are so fanatical as to say that they don't believe there will be any damned to rejoice at, even if they had a mind for such sport;—that it would probably hurt the Almighty to lose a soul quite as fearfully as it would hurt a soul to lose the Almighty, and that He did not build this world in order to hurt Himself in that or any other way. Be this as it may, the once impressive majority of the damned ones is being materially depleted by the present-day ministers of the church. The agnostics, who have always formed a numerous class, are no longer consigned to the burning and bottomless pit. The idea seems to be, as it were, that it would be inequitable to thrust a school-boy into a blazing furnace forever because his lesson had been too hard for him. It surely has a plausible sound, and PUCK is strongly moved to agree with Dr. Lyman Abbott when he says: "I do not see why an agnostic can not enter the kingdom of heaven. I do not think God will fail to know him because he has failed to know God." Official declarations of this sort ought to ease the minds of those who are guilty of not knowing.

AN INTERRUPTED THESIS.



"THE READER," the professor wrote, "I think can scarcely miss The significant conclusion, which is obviously this:—"

A man of erudition, (he had met the missing link!)
He swung an able goose-quill steeped in scientific ink.
He was finishing a thesis which he felt to be sublime
For a weighty publication on a topic of the time,
When softly up behind him crept a sweet and dainty miss,
Who deftly placed upon his cheek a most coquettish kiss.
"It's your Cousin Isabella," said the maiden, with a smile;
"I thought I'd just drop in, you know, and visit you a while."

The quill dropped from the savant's grasp; he raised his timid eyes.
"Your salutation," he confessed, "quite took me by surprise."
But soon she put him at his ease; and when she rose to go
He said that down the street with her he'd walk a block or so.

The weeks went by. Dust sifted in the sage professor's den;
It lay upon his desk and soiled the whiteness of his pen;
It gave a look to Darwin's bust, raised high upon a shelf,
As if a worldly-minded man, who knew how 't was himself.

At last the wise professor came, one melancholy day—
He sadly took his thesis up and brushed the dust away.
"The reader," the professor wrote, "I think can scarcely miss
The significant conclusion—there *are* microbes in a kiss."

Fred Nye.

SOMETHING TO REJOICE OVER.

"What do you think my wife said last night?"
"I never could guess."
"She had been reading the Luetgert trial, and she threw her arms around me and exclaimed: 'O Harry! is n't it lovely that we have never killed each other?'"



BEATEN, FOR ONCE.

DRUGGIST.—See here! Why did n't you tell that customer that we had something just as good?
NEW CLERK.—Because he was after some postage stamps.

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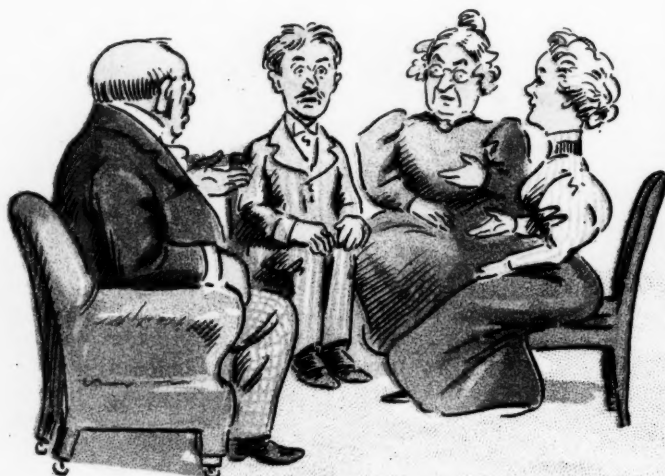
WHAT SHE SAYS. — Don't mention it, Mr. Heavyfoot! — it's of no consequence whatever.



(What she would do if she followed her inclinations.)



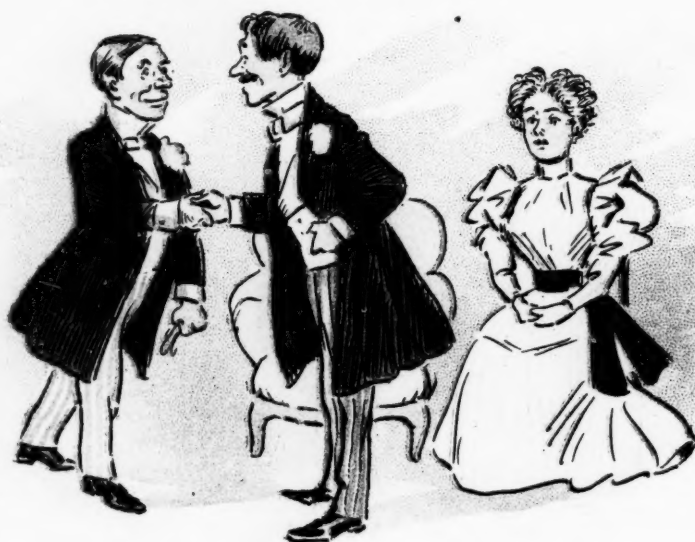
WHAT HE SAYS. — Never mind my hat, Mrs. Littlekid — I can have it blocked without difficulty; — I love to see children enjoy themselves.



WHAT THEY SAY. — Don't speak of going yet, Mr. Longcall — you must n't run off so soon.



(What they feel like doing.)



WHAT THE RIVALS SAY. —
"Ah! Lovelorn, delighted to meet you!"
"Quite a pleasure to see you, Smittenhard!"



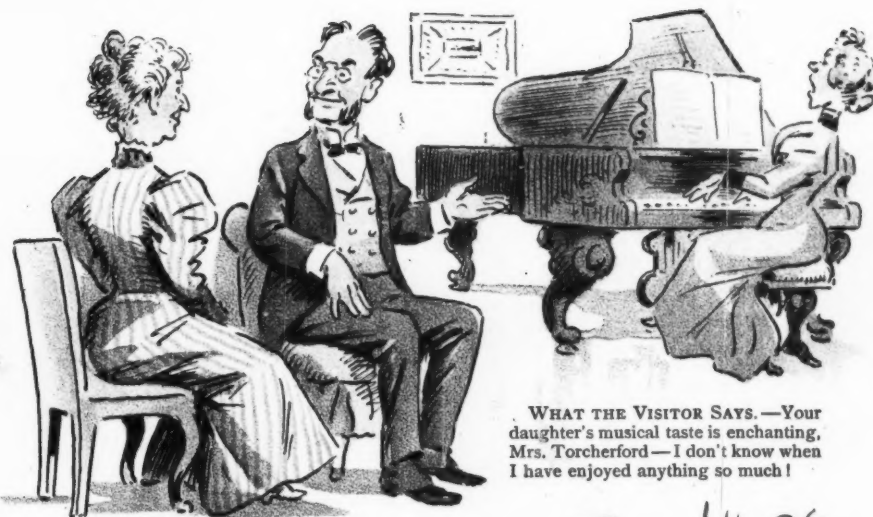
(What they would do without delay, if they consulted their feelings.)



WHAT
Good! —
Ha! —



(What he would greatly enjoy doing.)



WHAT THE VISITOR SAYS.—Your daughter's musical taste is enchanting, Mrs. Torchford—I don't know when I have enjoyed anything so much!

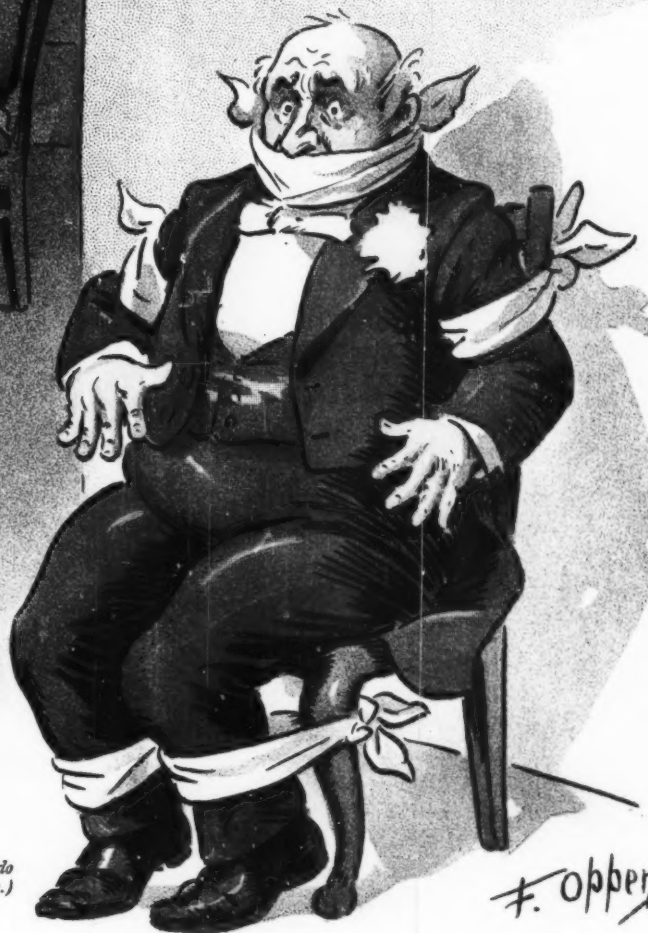


(What the visitor would do in a hurry, if he dared.)



WHAT MR. OLDBORE'S GUESTS SAY.—
Good!—Immense!—Great speech!—
Ha!—Ha!—Ha!

(What MR. OLDBORE's guests would do to him right away, if it were permissible.)



F. Oppen

J. Ottmann Lith. Co. New York, N.Y.

HER FROWN.



THERE IS magic in the music when the fountains of her mirth
Into liquid waves of laughter ripple down;
And her eyes a deeper rapture
In their dreamy moments capture,
But I cherish most her features archly gathered
in a frown.

In the masquerade of faces desolation wears a smile,
While the gravest in demeanor is the clown;
But I know that in revealing
Every transient thought and feeling
She is nearest when her forehead sweetly furrows
with a frown.

In her eyes there gleams a splendor which no shadows can subdue,
Like the glint upon the waving fields of brown;
As the glowing embers mingle
With the ashes on the ingle
Glowes her soul among the thoughts which
gravely wait upon her frown.

All the shifting lights and shadows which her April eyes assume
Wear a charm of which this aspect is the crown;
And if she could guess the ardor
Of my thoughts as I regard her,
How I wonder would her features coldly gather in a frown!

Charles J. Bayne.

HE BACK-PEDALED.

COLONEL WINDIFORCE (a famous orator hastily imported to "brace up" the local campaign).—Voters of Snailville! Why am I here? What has caused me, an humble citizen from a distant quarter of this great commonwealth, to leave my home and journey hither that I might participate with you in this glorious demonstration? I will tell you.

"But a few brief hours ago it was reported to me how, by the villainous arts of certain unscrupulous political adventurers, there had been nominated for the exalted office of representative from the great Snailville district, one Turnbull Bug, or Buggy—locally known as "Tumble" Bug—an individual notorious throughout the length and breadth of this fair State, alike for the shameless infamy of his life and the utter insignificance of his abilities. My friends, as a plain citizen, loving political righteousness and believing in personal decency, when these things were told me, what could I do but —"

CHAIRMAN OF THE MEETING (*sotto voce*).—Great heavens, man! He's our own candidate.

COLONEL WINDIFORCE (*slightly winged, but promptly rising to the occasion*).—I repeat it! What could I do but instantly hurl back the malignant slander into the teeth of its author, and, dismissing all thoughts of personal convenience, hasten to Snailville and to you, that I might, now and here, add my own feeble tribute to the worth of that white-souled patriot, and my own life-long friend, the Honorable



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SUBDUED JOY PREFERRED.

THE PASTOR.—Ise glad to see Bruddah Jones in chu'ch once moah. I hope he done see de error ob his ways, fo' dey is moah joy ober de one sinnah dat is returned dan ober de ninety an' nine—

BROTHER JONES.—Oh! de ninety an' nine need n't ter crow! Ah c'ud tell some t'ings 'bout de ninety an' nine if ah wanted to!

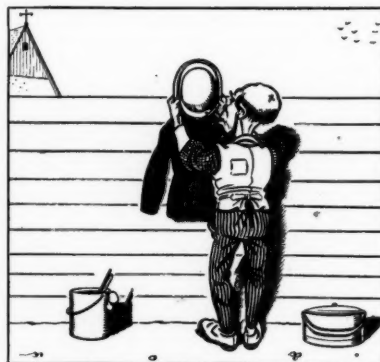
Turnbull Bouggé—a gentleman from whose sterling character the venomous darts of slander fall blunted and harmless, and whose honored name stands, now and forever, proof against the petty sarcasms of a desperate and vindictive foe." (*Prolonged and vociferous applause.*)

AN UNAPPRECIATED ARTIST'S EFFORT.

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MR. DOOLEY (*starting to work*).—Now, if youse two boys bother me loike you did yis't'd'y, Oi 'll break yez backs wid a cloob. Git away from here, onyhow!



"Oi 'll jist hang oop me coat an' hat on this nail. That painter left his paint here all noight."

NOT TO BE EVADED.

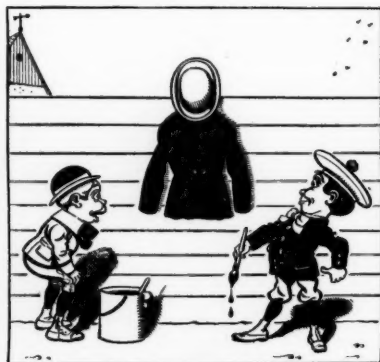
"Foiled!" hissed the burglar, and turned and fled away into the night.

For he had evaded the improved burglar alarm only to discover that there was an old-fashioned rocking-chair in the front parlor.

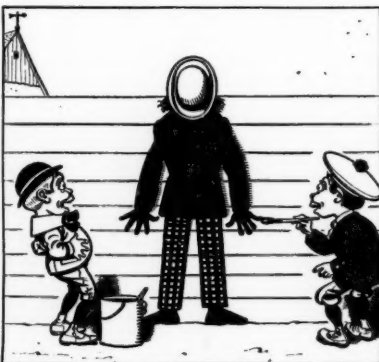
THE CONCLUSIONS that some people draw look as if they might have been designed for posters.



BOV.—Say, we won't do a t'ing to de Irishman's coat, will we, Billy?



"Now, watch yer partner's fine artistic hand, Billy. I did n't take first prize in drawin' fer nothin'. Tell me when dat Irishman is lookin'."



"There! What do you think o' dat? Dat Irishman is near-sighted, too!"



MR. DOOLEY.—Fer th' love av hivin! What do yez t'ink av th' nerve av that nigger, gittin' inter me coat an' hat?



MOST PROBABLE.

PENELOPE.—And what do you think? Marie writes me that the Count has at last expressed his love to her.
ETHEL.—H'm!—C. O. D., I suppose?

PICKINGS FROM THE INTELLECT OF
LITTLE PLATO SMITH.

I DUNNO WHICH I like best — Ivanhoe or gingerbread.
If a girl could n't cry her brain 'd soak all to pieces.
You can't tell Ma any woman ever died of old age.
Some way or other I can't seem to make Shakspeare's pieces go into my head.
Jimmy Jones has got chilblains on his stomach now from eatin' too much ice-cream.
Pa's mighty cross to me when he's got th' rheumatism. Guess he thinks he 'herited it from me.
Nobody says things when Bob Bamby wears old clothes, 'cause his pa's worth heaps of money.
What's th' use of 'busin' th' dudes? When I wear a new necktie I can't hardly think what my name is.
Once Ma had a spell when she could n't sleep. "Bosh!" says Pa; "th' way to cure insummy is to go to sleep an' forget you've got it."

David Henry.

FRAGRANT RICHES.

KLONDIKE SAM.—I dreamed of wealth last night.
ZERO JIM.—Dreamed of the yellow gold, eh?
KLONDIKE SAM.—No; I dreamed I was back in mother's old kitchen on baking day.

MYSTERIOUS.

"Say!" said the guest from Chicago, who was trying to give them some idea of the Great West; "it would put you up a tree to get a squint at some of our skyscrapers down on Michigan and State. We run 'em thirty-two up, copper 'em with a cupola, and its 'walk in, gents, which floor?' up you go, twenty days after breaking ground, How is that for high?"
The Boston dame raised her eyebrows.
"Mr. Ontheroof is telling us, Mama," said the young lady in the pince-nez, "about the great number of stories comprised in Chicago edifices."
The Boston dame lowered her eyebrows.
"Ah, indeed!" she said; "dialect stories, I presume!"

WILLING TO TAKE CHANCES.

FIRST TRAMP.—Do you think cigarettes is as injur'ous as they say?
SECOND TRAMP.—Dunno. I wish I could get enough of dem ter find out.

COMPROMISED.

"With all my worldly goods I thee endow," —
He stopped — his strong brain seemed to reel, —
"At least, with all of them," — he stammered now —
"Except my brand-new chainless wheel."



A LOSS.

ISAACSTEIN (*pathetically*).—Ach! mine frendt, ven I sell you dot suit for fife tollars I'm losing moneysh on it.
FARMER.—You be?
ISAACSTEIN.—Yes, mine frendt;—it's insured fer more dan dot!



VII.

"Oi hates t' hit any man in th' back, but thot felly deserves it."



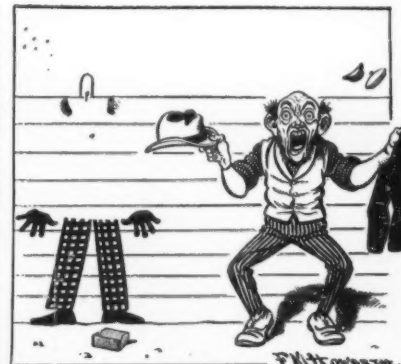
VIII.

(As he lets the rocks fly).—Take thot, and thot, yez black thafe o' th' worruld!



IX.

"Th' Saints presarve me! Wan brick made a hole in his head an' th' other a hole in his back, an' he niver moved. Oi'll hov t' look into dis t'ing."



X.

"!!!!*???*—thim boys! Look ut thot new hat! Look ut th' hole in thot coat! Th' mon as taches byes t' draw picters should be hung!"

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Heads the List of the
Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade.

Our name spells—

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New York Warerooms, 149-155 East 14th St.
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170 Fifth Ave., cor. 22d Street, about February.

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Tour), \$335. March 19, \$210; one way, \$150.

FLORIDA

January 25, Feb'y 8, Feb'y 22, March 8. Rate, \$50

Also Tours to Washington, Old Point Comfort & Richmond

For Itineraries and full information apply to Ticket
Agents; Tourist Agent, 1190 Broadway, New York; or
address GEO. W. BOYD, Assistant General Passenger
Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, J. R. WOOD,
General Manager. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

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supervision of Prof. Dr. G. Jaeger, is always
of one standard quality, producing the fin-
est and softest undergarments.
Beware of imitations! The
genuine have



DR. JAEGER'S
PORTRAIT STAMPED
UPON THEM.

These garments can be made
to order if desired. Explana-
tory and Descriptive Cata-
logue and Price-list sent free by mail, on
application.

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SANITARY WOOLEN SYSTEM CO.

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Weak Lungs

If you have coughed and
coughed until the lining mem-
brane of your throat and lungs
is inflamed,

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil will soothe,
strengthen and probably cure.
The cod-liver oil feeds and
strengthens the weakened tis-
sues. The glycerine soothes
and heals them. The hypo-
phosphites of lime and soda
impart tone and vigor. Don't
neglect these coughs. One
bottle of the Emulsion may do
more for you now than ten
can do later on. Be sure you
get **SCOTT'S Emulsion**.

All druggists; 50c. and \$1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

REFORMING THE WORLD.

CALLER.—I sup-
posed I would find
your parents at home
this time of day. Both
out, are they?

SMALL BOY.—
Yes'm. Mother ain't
got back yet from the
women's every-day
temperance meeting,
and Pap's gone to
Ginsling's free lunch
saloon to get his sup-
per.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

A FATHER never
thinks that his chil-
dren are old enough
to think for themselves
until they agree with
him.—*Atchison Globe*.

"WHEN Papa does
to teep," says a little
West Union girl, "his
talter dets all tanded
up wiz his beezee."
—*West Union Gazette*.

ARE YOU A JUDGE OF GOOD WHISKEY?

Then you will be fully satisfied with
the use of

Somerset Club Maryland Rye



Which from
Mellowness of Age,
Exquisite Flavor and
Tonical Effects
Is the
Connoisseur's
Choice.

Used by Families, Clubs, Cafes and Hotels.

Sold at all first-class Grocers and by Jobbers.

EDW. B. BRUCE & CO., Baltimore, Md.

A HEN TO THE LAST.

"I told you," said
Mr. Gobbler, as he
gazed reproachfully at
his wife through the
slats of the coop where
she was being fatten-
ed, "not to come near
the house until after
Christmas. Why did
you disobey me?"

"I just could n't
help it, dear," said
Mrs. Gobbler. "They
killed Mrs. Peafowl
yesterday, and I did
so want to see how she
was dressed."—*Detroit
Free Press*.

"THESE people
seem to think," solilo-
quized the hound, as
he set out after the
anise-seed bag, "that
this is April fool's day
and that we are the
fools."—*Washington
Capital*.



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HIS SPIRITUAL WELFARE NOT ENTIRELY NEGLECTED.

THE CLERGYMAN.—It is shocking, my friend, to think that you have not been in a church in twenty years—

THE TRAMP.—That's so, sir; but I've had to listen to an awful lot of short sermons.



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as the finest, most delicately perfumed and purest Toilet
Soap manufactured. Always ask for and insist upon having

"No. 4711" WHITE ROSE TRANSPARENT
GLYCERINE SOAP. Send 15c. in stamps
for sample cake.

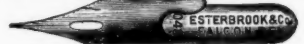
MÜLHENS & KROPFF, NEW YORK, U. S. AGENTS.

WIDLEY.—Did you ever see a pie-eating match?

BABLOW.—No; I never saw a match do anything but burn.—*Roxbury Gazette*.



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The Best Pens Made.

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048, A1, 333, 14, 130, 239, 313, 556.

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RHEINSTROM BROS.

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Angostura Bark Bitters



Best of all Cocktail or
Tonic Bitters.

5 Bottle of this is equivalent
to a bottle of the best of
the others.

1 Bottle is as good as a bottle
2 of most of the others.

For sale by all Leading
Jobbers and Retailers.

THE GREATEST MAN UP NORTH.
"Bobby thinks that Professor Nansen
is a humbug."

"Why?"

"He says that in all his lectures on
the North Pole he has never said a word
about Santa Claus."—*Detroit Free Press*.

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AT THE
CHICAGO EXPOSITION.

AWARD: "For excellence of steel used
in their manufacture, it being fine grained and
elastic; superior workmanship, especially shown
by the careful grinding which leaves the pens
free from defects. The tempering is excellent
and the action of the finished pens perfect."

Approved: JOHN BOYD THACHER,
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VICI Leather Dressing

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"YES, Mum," said the seen-better-days specimen, meekly, "I useter be an artist in word painting."

"Ah! a literary man?"

"Yes'm; a man of letters. I painted signs."—*Washington Capital*.

A POSSIBLE EXPLANATION.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.—Don't you know that George Washington never, never told a lie?

SINFUL BOY.—Maybe his mama did n't care how much cake and jam he took, and he was n't 'fraid to tell her.—*New York Weekly*.

AN UNSEASONABLE SUGGESTION.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard!" exclaimed the quotation monger.

"Well," replied his indolent relative, "I don't see the ant getting up early on cold mornings to start fires and sweep Autumn leaves off the lawn."—*Washington Star*.

UPHOLDING JUSTICE.

"My wife got even with that burglar who set the burglar alarm going and woke the baby."

"What did she do?"

"She pulled him in by the collar and made him rock the baby to sleep again."—*Detroit Free Press*.

OUR idea of an unusual man is one who asks his wife to get up and recite before company.—*Atchison Globe*.



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A BUSINESS-LIKE CAUTION.

JINKS TO BURGLAR.—You can't take those things away! They were bought on the instalment plan, and can not be removed without written permission from the firm.

With all the culture of the ancients they had no champagne. If they had only known *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry!*

No well regulated household should be without a bottle of *Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters*, the celebrated appetizer.

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A GOOD way to get rid of a dog is to put a nice collar around it. It will then look to be worth stealing.—*Roxbury Gazette*.

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SHORT RATIONS.

(Continued from 4th page.)

The girl looked at McVay, steadily. "Jag vet intet om dat: men du har bryte sunder chalken." (I don't know anything about that, but you have broken the sled.)

McVay did not quite gather what the girl said, but he thought he could almost understand it, and he tried to keep the sounds in mind till they resolved themselves into words. Still, as he knew no Swedish, and as he fancied that the girl spoke in broken English, his success was not likely to be complete.

"Let me help you off," said he. The girl did not move; but McVay held out his hands so hospitably that she evidently thought better of the civil offer, for she extended her hands in turn, and he helped her descend from the hay-rack. She made a pleasant little bundle.

"I do not suppose you know," said McVay, "that in this soft snow any bad accident will happen. It is probably a trifle. I will see what it is." The white face under the fur hood was turned towards him. On the eye-lashes there was white frost. Sleep had gulled McVay into tenderness that night, and now he was likely to fall into tenderness waking.

"Du har bryte sunder chalken." McVay thought he almost understood what she said; but there was a sound or two that eluded him. He said "Yes," in a genial way, and continued: "Now, the way to do

— however, I will take a look at the sled." He advanced and stood looking at the sled with a killing air of craft.

"Oe! det är alt fördärvat," (Oh! it is all broken to pieces,) said the girl, looking on. She shed two tears of vexation.

"Well, I guess so!" returned McVay, lightly. "Some little thing probably worked loose." He looked about at the girl, and saw the two tears. The tears stopped rolling, for they were ice.

"Du har för därviden," (you have ruined it) she said.

"Positively," said McVay, not a little affected; "there is nothing to worry about: nothing at all." And he shook his head negatively, encouragingly, masterfully.

"Nej! nej! Du har för därviden, du har jort det," (no, no: you broke it, you did break it) said the girl, who thought the Native denied his responsibility.

"Why, I have n't a doubt of it! Let me take a look at this — connecting-rod." McVay used the word jocularly, and he conceived such an idea of the Swedish girl that he felt sure she appreciated his jocularly, or that she would appreciate it if she understood it. Of course, no woman understands jocularities. The fancy that she does is a delusion of tenderness.

Examining the "connecting-rod," McVay found it broken. The disunion of the sled was complete and irremediable. He looked at the girl with remorse.

"How far do you live from here?" he asked, and when she did not reply, he repeated the question, waving his hand towards the cold darkness where the road was lost.

"Jag bor i Bergen," she said, comprehending.

"Eh?" said McVay, pleasantly.

"Bergen."

"Oh, yes! Bergen." McVay had now nearly overcome the difficulty of verbal communication, doubtlessly because he was becoming familiar with the girl's accent. "That's about seven miles. A cold ride. I have a cutter right over here at the stables — right over here at the stables. I'll hitch your horses to that, and you'll go home as comfortably as you please." He looked to the girl for a decision.

"Jag vet intet om vad du säger. Det var en upmärktig god och stärkechalke." (I don't know anything about what you say. That was a splendid, good, strong sled.)

McVay unhitched the horses, and drove them towards the stables; and when the Swede girl followed him close, with the firm purpose of not allowing him to effect his escape, he thought that she had put her faith in him. He opened the stable doors, and ran out his fine Portland cutter with a certain pride. He adjusted the harness with solicitude. Then he helped the girl in, and she made a pleasant little bundle

again. He took his seat at her side, with the purpose of driving her to the main road. Had he been able to leave the post, he would have driven her home.

Taking again the road across the post, they passed the scene of the accident, when the girl, looking hard at the broken and abandoned sled, said, "Jag hade icke nogot at jöra med den. Du bröt sunder den. Du får årsjauna det." (I had nothing to do with that. You broke it. You will have to own it up.)

"Yes, indeed!" said McVay, lightly, and he added a pleasant laugh to show what good company he could be.

"Ja de bler inte so rodigt när du får betala för den." (It won't be so funny when you have to pay for it.)

"Ho! Ho!" said McVay. How little outcry the girl made! How brave and quiet she was! What confidence she had placed in him!

"I have to stop here," he said, when they had come to the limit of the post. He had put his fine robes in the cutter, and when he had jumped out he began to tuck these about her, admonishing her to keep snug.

"Name?" said the girl, with an effort at language.

"Oh! you will be warm."

She touched his coat, and repeated, "Name? Name?"

"Oh, yes! McVay, McVay. And your name?" She said nothing, and he touched the sleeve of her coat. "Your name?"

"Bry dig intet om dät." (Never mind.)

"Breda," said he; "a pretty name."

And now he remembered his dream;

indeed, he had remembered it all the time; but he said to himself, "I don't care;" and, putting his face under the roof of the girl's hood, he kissed her. "Good night, Breda," he said. She struck the horses, and they started off. A somewhat romantic figure, with his tall, fur-clad form, and his white, frozen moustache, McVay looked after her. It had been like kissing the cold, white moon or a tin plate, and McVay thought of this, for he was a harlequin, like all men, but he upbraided himself for thinking it.

The next day a red-whiskered man wearing a sheep-skin coat came into the post, bringing McVay's cutter hitched behind a hay-sled. He sought out the hero of this saga, and, fixing him with his eye, asked him if his name was McVay. McVay said it was; whereupon the Norseman looked at him as if there was no escape, and said, "Det was mae slade —"

"Oh! you brought the cutter back. We'll drive over to the stables. Your sled has been taken over there." McVay regretted that little Breda was in any way connected with this despot in the sheepskin coat. "Did the young woman get home safe?" he asked.

"She comb home alle right."

In the stable yard they examined the broken sled, or, rather, the Swede examined the sled, while McVay examined the Swede, who seemed to wear the air of a judge. "It iss bad," said the Swede at last, in a coldly disinterested manner. "It will cost thitty dollars to fix det."

"I am sorry. You can leave the cutter here, anywhere."

"I want my thitty dollars first."

"Thirty dollars? What thirty dollars?"

"Aha! Fur mae slade. I know all. You make the team go off the road and break the slade. Mae nace tell me all. You t'ink she yoost from ole country — you foolish her. No!"

"Did your niece say I was to blame?"

"You bate! And she get your name so you could not get out of det."

"You leave the cutter," said McVay, after a long, thoughtful pause; "I guess that's all I've got to say to you."

"Aha! But I get mae thitty dollars. She say you tray to get out of it with your talk and your yabber; but I get mae thitty dollars. We got it fixed for you unless. We get you sent out of the army. You make teams turn out, and you walk in the road — you was drunk. Uh-h?

Well, I tale your boss, your Colonel Birdseed. Mae nace yoost from ole country, bud she know enough for you. I tale your boss you was drunk and kissing her."

"No," said McVay, after another long and thoughtful pause; "you tell Birdseed I was kissing her, and I will explain that I was drunk."





"I can push Mamma's O-H to her: she's not very strong."

Reaction never follows the use of O-H Extract of Malt. It builds up the weak as compound interest builds up the bank account.

If your druggist or grocer does not sell our Extract, on receipt of \$2.00 we will send you one case (12 bottles) F. O. B. N. Y. City.

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OTTO HUBER, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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The snap and tone you lack. Edge to appetite. Fuller joy to life. Abbott's Angostura Bitters gives these, —and more. Must be the genuine.

UNDERSTOOD THE CASE.

FIRST SPORTSMAN (with big load of game).—You don't appear to have had such good luck as I had.

SECOND SPORTSMAN (with empty game-bag).—N-o. My guide was n't as good a marksman as yours.—*New York Weekly.*

DON'T let Whisky get the best of you. Get the BEST of Whisky, Which is the Genuine Distillery Bottling of

OLD PEPPER WHISKY And OLD HENRY CLAY RYE

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THE really profitable way to write for magazines that pay on publication is to begin the business with your grandfather. — *Washington Capital.*

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Luxurious Writing!

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

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\$1.20 per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cts., post free from all stationers, or wholesale of

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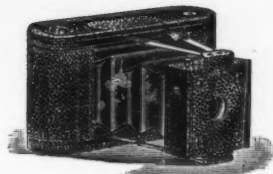
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Light-proof Film Cartridge, 12 exposures $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$, .40

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SPRING, 1898.

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"Miss Passeigh says she thinks flowers are the most suitable birthday remembrance that a friend can give," remarked Willy Washington.
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CUSHION BUTTON—CLASP—
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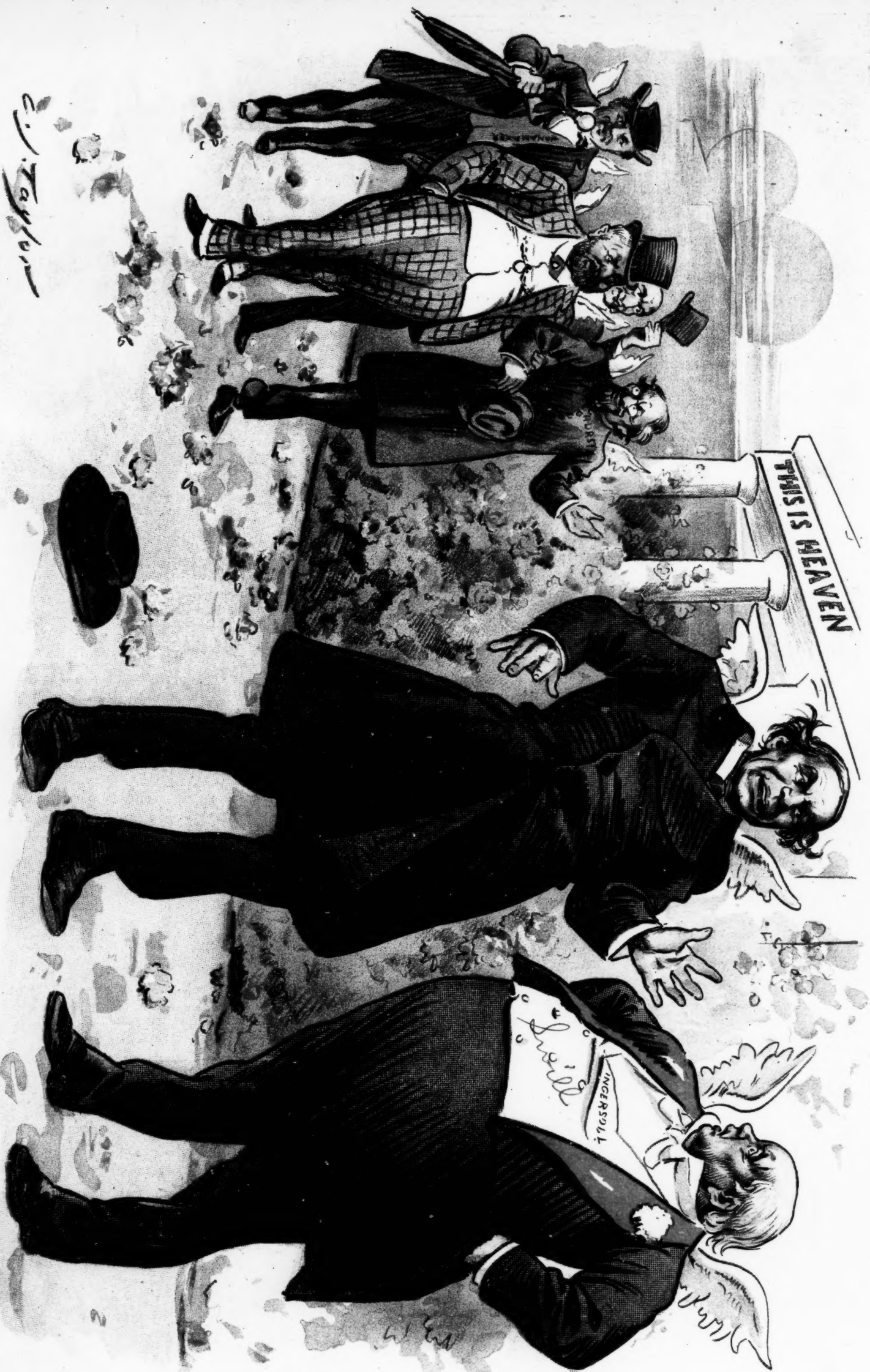
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